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Ah how from you could fancy range ?  
 From you still charming, still the same,  
 Who sees you once, that *once may change*,  
 Then rests ; nor feels another flame—  
 Black eyes are beautiful, 'tis true ;  
 Give me the *lovely, loving blue*. F.

## FROM CERVANTES.

*Mother !* with watchful eye you strive,  
 My freedom to restrain,  
 But know, *unless I guard myself*,  
 Your guard will be but vain.  
 It has been said, and reason's voice  
 Confirms the ancient lay,  
 Still will confinement's rigid hand,  
 Enflame the wish to stray.  
 Love once oppress'd will soon increase,  
 And strength superior gain ;  
 'Twere better far, believe my voice,  
 To give my will the rein,  
 For if I do not guard myself,  
 Your guard will be but vain.  
 For her who will not guard herself,  
 No other guard you'll find  
 Cunning and fear will weak be found  
 To chain the active mind.  
 Though Death himself should bar the way,  
 His menace I'd disdain,  
 Then, learn, that till I guard myself,  
 Your guard will still be vain.  
 The raptur'd heart which once has felt,  
 A sense of love's delight ;  
 Flies, like the moth's impetuous wing,  
 To find the taper's light.  
 A thousand guards, a thousand cares,  
 Will ne'er the will restrain,  
 For if I do not guard myself,  
 All other guards are vain.  
 Such is the all controuling force,  
 Of love's resistless storm,  
 It gives to beauty's fancst shape,  
 The due Chimera's form  
 To wax the melting breast it turns,  
 Flame o'er the cheek is spread,  
 With hand of wool, she opes the door,  
 On felt, the footsteps tread.  
 Then try no more with fruitless care  
 My wishes to restrain ;  
 For if I do not guard myself,  
 Your guard will be but vain.

## LE VER A SOIL.

LE ver a soil est, a mes yeux,  
 L'etre dont le sort vaut le mieux,  
 Il travaille dans la jeunesse  
 Il dort dans la maturité ;  
 Il meurt, enfin, dans la vieillesse ;  
 Au comble de la volupté.  
 Notre sort est bien différent,  
 Il va toujours en enipissant ;  
 Quelques plaisirs, dans la jeunesse ;

Des soins, dans la maturité ;  
 Tous les malheurs dans la vieillesse,  
 Puis la peur de l'Eternité.

*A Translation Requested.*

I drain the cup of woe each night,  
 To the last drop in vain ;  
 For when Aurora spreads her light,  
 I find it full again.

CHANSON DE MARIE STEWART REINE D'ECOSSE, EN PARTANT DE CALAIS POUR LONDRES.

ADIEU ! Plaisant Pais de France,  
 O ma Patrie, la plus chérie !  
 Qui a nourrit ma jeune enfance,  
 Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours !  
 La nef que dejoin't nos amours,  
 N'a cy de moi que la moitié,  
 Une part te reste, elle est tienne ;  
 Je la fie à ton amitié,  
 Pour que l'autre il te souvienne.

*Translation.*

ADIEU, fair France, farewell to thee,  
 In near degree, more dear to me,  
 Than place of my nativity !  
 O Nurse ! that hush'd my infant fears,  
 I bathe thy bosom, with my tears,  
 And bid farewell to happy years !  
 Adieu, adieu, this vessel's roll,  
 Divides the body from the soul,  
 France keep the half, well worth the whole.

And what shall then remain with me ?  
 Nothing unless the memory  
 Of what I lost, fair France, in thee.

*A better Translation.*

AH pleasant land of France, farewell,  
 My country dear,  
 Where many a year,  
 Of early youth, I lov'd to dwell,  
 Farewell, for ever, happy days !  
 The ship which parts our loves, conveys  
 But half of me, one half behind,  
 I leave with thee, dear France, to prove  
 A token of our endless love,  
 And bring the other to my mind.

## LA NUIT.

O NUIT, que tu me semblez belle  
 Lorsque, sous tes voiles epais  
 J'allais jurer d'être a jamais  
 Plus amoureux, et plus fidelle  
 Combien je redoutais le jour,  
 Quand celle que mon ame adore,  
 Me permettait jusqu' a l'aurore,  
 De lui parler de mon amour.  
 Moins timide alors, moins severe,  
 Elle osait dire, sans rouger,  
 CE qu' a peine elle osait sentir  
 Des qu'elle voyait la lumiere,